

Spancil Hill

Irish folk

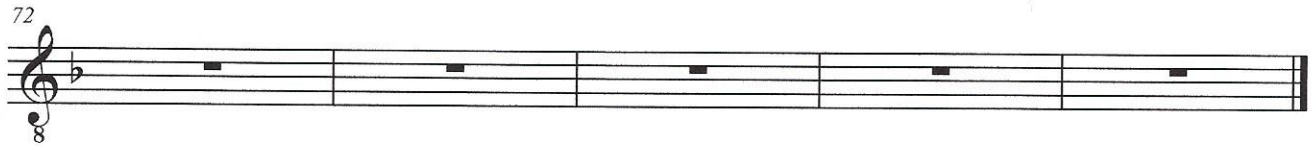
Violine

56 Intro **C dm % C % % am dm**

8 Thema **dm % C % % % dm %**

64 **dm % % % F % C %**

dm % C % % am dm %



Spancil Hill (Mandolin)

1)

Last (gm) night as I lay (F) dreaming of pleasant days gone (gm) by
 My mind being bent on rambling to (Bb) Ireland I did (F) fly
 I (gm) stepped on board a vision and (Bb) followed with a (F) will
 Till I (gm) lately came to (F) anchor at the cross near (dm)
 Spancil (gm) Hill

2)

De- (gm)lighted by the no- (F)velty, enchanted with the (gm) scene,
 Where in my early boyhood where (Bb) often I had (F) been
 I (gm) thought I heard a murmur, I (Bb) think I hear it (F) still,
 It's the (gm) little stream of (F) water that flows down (dm)
 Spancil (gm) Hill

3)

It (gm) being the twenty-third of (F) June, the day before the (gm) fair
 When Ireland's sons and daughters and (Bb) friends assembled (F) there
 The (gm) young, the old, the brave and the bold, they (Bb) came
 for sport and (F) kill
 There were (gm) jovial conver- (F)sations at the cross of (dm)
 Spancil (gm) Hill

4)

I (gm) paid a flying (F) visit to my first and only (gm) love,
 She's white as any lily and as (Bb) gentle as a (F) dove
 She (gm) threw her arms around me, saying (Bb) "Johnny, I love you (F) still
 She's (gm) Mag, the farmers (F) daughter and the pride of (dm)
 Spancil (gm) Hill

5)

I (gm) dreamt I stooped and (F) kissed her, as in the days of (gm) yore
 She said "Johnny you're only (Bb) joking as many's the time (F) before"
 The (gm) cock crew in the morning, he (Bb) crew both loud and (F) shrill
 And I (gm) awoke in Cali- (F) fornia, many miles from (dm)
 Spancil (gm) Hill.